THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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THE SUN DIAL.

GREETING.

To all the readers of the "Dayspring" a "Happy New Year;" happy in its beginning, in its progress, in its ending,—that it may become a happy old year in the memory.

The "Dayspring" is by no means sure that it did the best it could last year, though it knows it tried hard to do well; and it doesn't believe its readers, all of them, came quite up to the mark in all they aimed to do. Some of them were lazy, thoughtless at times, and let the days fly by them without leaving them any good. The three hundred and sixty-six days made them a year older, but not a year wiser and better.

Come now, boys and girls, let all of you and the "Dayspring" together wake up to the grand work and enjoyment of life. Here is *eighteen hundred seventy-three* with his bright morning face smiling upon you. He holds out his cordial hand, and says, "Blessings on you, my dear young friends. I have waited long to see you; but here I am now, as fresh and happy as you, and I will be just as close and good a friend to you as you can possibly ask. My days and nights are at your service. Not a second of my time will I withhold from you. The more you ask of me, the better I shall like it. Try me! Try me to the utmost! and see if I do not bless you as you were never blessed in your lives!"

Now then for your answer: "Good for you, Mr. New Year! We are as glad to see you as you are to see us. Here are our hands and our hearts. We will press you into our service as we did not that brother of yours that has just gone. We saw tears in his eyes when he bade us farewell, because we had not made him such a friend as his heart yearned to be. He had a part of our lives all folded up in his, and that part was not as rich and sweet and pure as it ought to have been. We are sorry, but we cannot help it now."

"Good, lusty Mr. New Year, you are smiling upon us now, and we mean you shall smile upon us when your work is done, and you turn towards us your last look. You shall give us bright merry hours, and hard working hours; but they shall all be true and life-giving. Here is a good hearty hand-shake, and an honest pledge to accept your faithful services, and to give you no remembrances of us to carry away with you which shall make your heart heavy."

That has the true ring. No need now of any wishing. All there is to be done is just to say that the "Dayspring" and all its readers are sure of

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

THE MEASUREMENT OF TIME.

WAS there a clock on Solomon's Temple, with dial-faces that could be seen all over Jerusalem? Did Alexander the Great have a watch in his pocket which marked the time for him during his great campaign? Had Julius Cæsar clocks in his palace to tell him when to eat his meals, and when to retire? Clocks and watches are so common now that

people do not stop to think how they came to be in possession of such conveniences, and what people did in the old times when there were no such conveniences.

Clocks were invented about the eleventh century. They were not at first such perfect specimens of mechanism, and such accurate measurers of time, as they are now; but they were a remarkably useful invention, and a great improvement upon the old methods of measuring time. Watches followed in about the fifteenth century. Nothing seems to be known in regard to their first manufacture. It is only known that at certain dates watches were in existence. Such improvements have been made in their manufacture from time to time, that now they are almost as regular in their movements as the heavenly bodies themselves.

The ancients told the time by getting the positions of the heavenly bodies; or, when the sun shone, by the length and direction of shadows. You have all observed that your shadows are longer in the morning than at noon, and longer again in the afternoon, and in a different direction. In a clear night, a man acquainted with the positions and apparent movements of the stars could tell the time very nearly; but in a cloudy night he could only guess at it, unless he had some contrivance for marking it.

The idea of having some object by the position of whose shadow the time might be known, no doubt, early suggested itself. As the word in Isaiah translated "dial" means "steps," it indicates that possibly some pillar or obelisk might have been set up on a raised platform reached by regular steps; and that as the shadow shortened or lengthened, reaching one step after another, the time was indicated. Afterwards, only direction was regarded. The space passed over by the shadow was divided into equal portions, as in modern sun-dials. These equal portions, however, might have been the "steps," or "degrees."

But the sun-dial was of use only when the sun shone. We next hear of a contrivance called the clepsydra, to mark the passage of time when the sun was obscured. This was a vessel filled with water. Through an orifice at the bottom, the water ran out at a certain rate. As the water settled in the vessel, the time was indicated. Then came vessels filled with fine sand, like the hour-glasses, or half-hour glasses, all have seen. But these methods were all very clumsy as compared with the modern clock or watch.

In the illustration on the first page, a thoughtful man is regarding the moving of the shadow, and pondering upon the passing away of time. He has in his hand the Book of Wisdom, the revealer of eternity. This suggests to him the importance of rightly improving time, in order to enjoy it as it comes, and to prepare for the eternity of which it is but the threshold.

Be you wise; and, as your clock or watch tells off the time for you, see to it that it is all improved.

SIX LITTLE WORDS.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY C. T. B.

Six little words lay claim to me each day:
I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may.
I *ought:* that is the law God on my heart has written;
The mark for which my soul is with strong yearning smitten.
I *must:* that is the bound set either side the way
By Nature and the World, so that I shall not stray.
I *can:* that measures out the power intrusted me
Of action, knowledge, art, skill, and dexterity.
I *will:* no higher crown on human head can rest;
'Tis Freedom's signet seal upon the soul impressed.
I *dare,* is the device which on the seal you read;
On Freedom's open door a bolt for time of need.
I *may:* among them all hovers uncertainly,
The moment must at last decide what it shall be.

I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may:
The six lay claim to me each hour of every day.
Teach me, O God! and then, then shall I know,
each day,
That which I ought to do, must, can, will, dare, and
may.

For The Dayspring.

"THE LITTLE MINISTER."

BY C. DORA NICKERSON.

DOWN in a close, narrow, stifling forecastle, a sailor lay moaning with fever. The vessel was far from land, and the man among strangers.

The captain had died of the same fever; his wife tossed restlessly on her bed in the after part of the vessel; and, take it all together, it was a very lonely night that was settling over them.

Perhaps some of my little readers, who have no fathers or brothers who go to sea, may not understand that the *sailors* live in a different part of the vessel from the *officers*. It is called the *forecastle*, and is toward the "bowsprit end" of the vessel, as my schoolchildren say; and the captain and mates live in the "wheel end," as they call it.

I am sorry to say that the forecastles are not always built so that they can be well ventilated, and I can never cease to pity all who are sick in such close dens.

They had buried the captain that morning in the sea; and his wife, they feared, would soon follow him. The sky had been like fire all day, and a dead calm had been on the water for six days. All the sound to disturb was the lazy "creak!" "creak!" that every one who has ever been "becalmed" can remember but too plainly. The only one that had a fair share of attention was the captain's little fair-haired daughter Mabel. She had been the pet of all; and the rough sailors were always glad to have her nestle in their arms while they told her childish stories of other lands. Sometimes they made snug, shady nooks for her on deck, that she might read, away from the glaring sunlight. They all loved her, and were only too glad to have her flitting about among them. In fact, the mate, Mr. Flanders, was just wishing for her, as she came slowly out of the cabin.

"Hush!" said Mabel, putting her finger to her rosy lips; "I've been praying a long time, and God has done just what I asked him to. He has put mamma sound asleep; and he's told me, almost as plain as you can whisper, that she's going to get well again. She will, Mr. Flanders: for I told him, now papa had gone to heaven, perhaps I shouldn't grow to be a good woman without mamma to help me; and I've promised him that, if he'll let her live, I'll be a good Christian from this minute; and I'm *sure* he'll do it. I only wish I'd prayed harder before papa got so sick, and perhaps he'd given him to help me too," added the girl, with a sorrowful look.

"You're a Christian *now*, Mabel, that's what you are. I never saw you when you were not." And the strong man hugged her in his arms, and whispered something in her ear.

"Of course I will, Mr. Flanders. I'll pray for you night and morning as long as I live, and you live." And she kept her promise.

Just then, a man came rushing toward them, saying in frightened tones, "Bill's a deal worse, sir. He doesn't know any thing, sir, and is calling for his mother to pray; and he won't let us touch him, sir."

Away went the mate, leaving little Mabel crying softly for the absent mother and suffering Bill.

Down in the forecastle, Bill was shrieking, "I can't die, I can't die so! I can't die till I've seen my dear old mother, and heard her read from the old, worn Bible. I'm wicked, wicked, wicked, — and I dare not die so! Somebody pray! Somebody get mother to pray!" And then the poor man would fall back, too weak to speak, till another delirious fit seized upon him.

"Can't you pray, Jack?"

Jack shook his head.

"Nor Adams, nor Bob, nor Hans, nor Harry?" asked the mate.

They solemnly shook their heads. They could brave the worst storm that ever blew; could climb the rigging when it seemed impossible to stand on deck; could steer the vessel with steady hand, — but not one man there could help to steer an apparently dying man in the direction of his God and eternal home.

"Somebody *must* pray!" again shouted Bill, with glaring eyes and foaming mouth.

"Somebody *shall* pray," said the mate, solemnly walking off, but soon returning with the only praying one on board except the sick mother.

Little Mabel took one hot, horny hand in hers, and, putting the other upon his burning head, repeated softly the Psalm beginning, "The Lord is my Shepherd."

He grew calmer. Sweetly rose that voice above his labored breathing. It floated about the stifled forecastle, like holy incense in a temple, till she had whispered the last word.

"Pray, mother, pray!" begged the sick man, thinking he was at the old home again.

Mabel knelt reverently, while the sturdy sailors stood with uncovered heads, earnestly listening to her simple, trustful rendering of the Lord's Prayer.

They supposed she would stop there; but she went on with a childish petition for the sick sufferer, and for those standing about her, interrupted once by the sick one's saying, "That's right, mother; pray for us all."

She rose as she lisped the last amen; and, lo! the whole group were sobbing about her, and the sick man had fallen off into an easy slumber which lasted till morning.

He then sent for her to come, and shyly asked her to pray; telling her he had had a beautiful dream of his home, and saw them kneeling about his mother's chair as when in childhood, and how it had quieted him more than medicine. "But the mate says you can repeat psalms and pray. Can you?"

"I never prayed out loud, all myself, till I prayed for mamma last night; but, if you'd like it, I'll tell God some more about it. But my talk isn't like prayers of ministers and good folks; for I always love to talk to God just as though he was *harking* close by, and *meant* to hear me, and give me just what I ask for."

"That's the kind, Beauty! That's what the parsons call *faith*. Well, now, you just kneel down, and pray hard that God will make me a Christian, — a *solid, out and out, praying Christian*, — whether I live or die," said honest Bill.

"I guess that prayer won't come amiss for me," said the mate, coming down the stairs.

"Nor for me," said Jack and Adams, who were having a "watch below."

She stood a moment; then said, timidly: "If you'll call every sailor here, and have them promise me *never to take another oath* (if they can help it) *so long as they live*, I'll pray as long as you say."

It was done: and, though the promise was made to a little lass, it was kept; entirely by some, and almost so by others; the oath never escaping their lips save through forgetfulness, and then the flaxen curls and blue eyes of their "Little Minister" came up, and it was taken back.

The ship sailed into port, leaving no others behind. The gallant captain slept 'neath the waters; but, when the widow saw the change her child had wrought, she felt that God had wrought much good out of seeming evil, and could not mourn as one without hope.

Years afterward, sturdy men visited the little Mabel, grown to a woman, and told the story to her children; showing them the picture of the fair-haired child given them by her long years before, when they parted, but which had been carried by them as a reminder of their promise to her and to God down in that fever-laden forecastle.

The mate, now a gray-haired man, says, "Don't tell me a child can't keep a soul from sin when God sets her to work as he did our 'Little Minister,' Mabel Livingstone."

For The Dayspring.

"THE PANSY AT MY FEET."

WHEN the first hard frost came, I expect, children, you felt sorry enough when you saw the wreck it had made of your bright beds of verbenas and geraniums, of the stately dahlias and graceful vines. But perhaps you made the discovery — as I did — that there is one dear little flower that defies several successive frosts, and "stands by her colors" so bravely that she deserves to be remembered. But our flower has so many names that I do not know which you call her by. I think you must like her, for she is a cousin of the violets, and they are everybody's pets.

But our flower is not the sweet blue violet, whose fragrance is so perfect that we could almost wish there was no other; nor her sister, the tiny white one, that lies in the meadow, where her feet are so much in the water that no wonder she looks pale and sickly; nor the yellow wood violet, sturdy and strong, with the strength of the forest which shelters her. Neither is it the handsome bird's-foot violet, another cousin of our flower, and one which most resembles her. No: none of these. But here she is, and looks almost ready to "speak for herself," — our "Johnny-jump-up," "Heart's-ease," or "Pansy," by whatever name you like best to call her.

"Johnny-jump-up" is a funny name, but seems to suit our flower right well; for she springs up everywhere, turning a bright, sunny face towards us, not only from the flower-beds, but from the gravel walks, unless she is hoed out, and "taught to know her place." "Just for all the world" like the Johnnies and Willies and Harrys that are jumping up in everybody's homes, filling, like the flowers, all the corners that would otherwise be empty, and making their sunshine brighter by their presence. Our little "Johnny-jump-ups" are our heart's-ease, flowers and children both; for

> "They open the Eastern windows that look towards the sun."

Our pansies have such sweet ways! Just notice them. If they are crowded in the flower-beds, they do not push the other plants, and try to elbow them out. No: they make themselves as thin as can be, and peep out from among the others, with bright, contented looks, thankful for small favors. On the contrary, if the ground is bare, they spread themselves over it, and make the dark places glow with their presence.

And, children, you know the flowers do not live on sunshine and dew alone. If they thought: "Why should I have any but the pleasant things about me? I will not send my roots into the dark and disagreeable ground; I will live alone in the bright sunshine, the sweet air, and refreshing rain," — you know that thus they could not live and grow and bear beautiful blossoms.

And you, children, need something more than the sunshine of pleasure and the dew of mirth, that your souls may live and grow and bear blossoms of loveliness. There must be times of self-denial and of thoughts for others, for those older, or weaker, or less favored in some way than yourselves. You may sometimes have to leave the outdoor sunshine, to sit in a darkened room with the sick or sad; must lay down your doll or book, leave your bat and ball, or some other pleasant thing, to do "the duty nearest you." Do it as the flower sinks its roots into the ground, looking up at the same time cheerfully. The sunshine will seem the brighter for the gloom, the pleasure postponed the more enjoyed for the delay; and, besides, you shall have — sweeter than all — a consciousness of the divine presence, whispering, "Well done, good and faithful" little one!

F. B. F.

For The Dayspring.

DIALOGUE.

FRED.

To-morrow will be Saturday, then I shall go away,
But not with Will, or Tom, or Charles, or any one, to play;
Because a golden-breasted bird on our old elm-tree
Has built the funniest little nest, which I shall climb to see.

MARY.

Ah! Freddie, that would not be right. What would our mother say
If you should rob a little bird or take one egg away?
Not if you'd give me twenty dolls, I tell you on my word,
I would not, would not, would not rob a darling little bird.

FRED.

I did not say I meant to rob, or take one egg away:
I want to see if eggs are there, and whether blue or gray.
I never saw a hang-bird's nest, — at least, to peep inside:
I want to see how it is made, as well as how it's tied.

MARY.

But that would scare the mother bird, and give her so much pain:
If she should see you near her nest, all comfort would be vain.
You could not make her understand that you would do no harm:
To see you climbing up the tree would cause her great alarm.

FRED.

If that is so, I'll promise you I'll not go near the nest;
But I am almost eight years old, and thought that I knew best.
I love the golden robins all, and here I pledge my word
That I will not, will not, will not scare the dear old mother bird.

MARY.

Now, Freddie, that is like a man, so honest, frank, and true;
I knew you would not hurt the birds, — it would not be like you.
I know our parents will be pleased when we shall tell of this:
They'll say we both have done what's right, and seal it with a kiss.

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

For The Dayspring.

THE SNOW-BIRDS.

HERE come the pretty snow-birds again, looking always so neat and trim in their smooth black and white coats. How welcome they are, with their brisk, lively motions, and their cheerful twitter, telling of happy, hopeful hearts in the midst even of cold and storm! What contented spirits they must have, to find cause for rejoicing when the clouds are dark overhead, and the snow growing deeper and deeper underfoot! Let us take to our hearts the lesson which they teach.

Have we no friendly greeting for them? Nothing more substantial than the joy we feel at seeing them? They do not need

stockings and shoes, and they could not wear mittens even if we should knit them; and, as for coats, the good Father of us all has given them lighter and warmer ones than we could make. But they do need food: and we can scatter crumbs about our doors, and if they trust us enough they will come and pick them up; and I have no doubt their little hearts will flutter with joy, just as the heart of a hungry child would be glad at being fed by the kindness of some friendly heart and hand.

Let us try to get a little better acquainted with these winter friends of ours, and find out what they have been doing through the long, hot summer, in which they have not once given us a call. But how could they? They were far, far away; up in the cold regions at the north of us, or high up among the mountains where it is also very cold. There they were busy, building their little nests and rearing their young. The nests are made of fine grasses and leaves curiously woven together, and are hidden sometimes in mossy banks, and sometimes in tufts of grass among the bushes. Occasionally one is found in a hollow tree. In these nests they lay four little spotted eggs, which in time produce four tiny birds. They spend the winter months in a warmer climate; and it is on their way from north to south in the autumn or early winter, and from south to north in the spring, that they make their two brief visits to us here in New England. When the season is mild and open, and they can find seeds for food, they sometimes spend the entire winter; but when every thing is covered with ice and snow, so that their cupboard door is locked against them, they have to hurry away to some spot where food is more accessible.

The name of the family to which they belong is *Fringilla*, which has a soft, musical sound; and the family is one of the largest in the United States, and includes the finches, sparrows, yellow-birds, &c. Our little friend is called *Fringilla nivalis*, and is found not only in America, but in many parts of Europe. The children of the Alpine shepherds in Switzerland are much more familiar with them than we are; because there, where Nature is so grand that man is almost overlooked, they become very tame, and hop fearlessly about in the footpaths, or perch upon the roofs of the lonely shepherd's huts, which are there called *châlets*. M. L. B.

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

LITTLE Four Years, little Two Years,
Merry Christmas! Happy New Year's!
That is what I wish for you:
Shall I tell you what to do
That will make my wish come true?

Cheerful looks and words are very
Sure to make the Christmas merry;
Tongues that speak the truth sincere,
Hearts that hold each other dear,
These will make a happy year.

Four Years is of Two the double:
Should be twice as brave in trouble;
Twice as gentle, twice as kind;
Always twice as much inclined
Mother's words to keep in mind.

So that Two Years, when she's older,
May remember what is told her,
Just as Four Years did before.
Only think! in two years more
Little Two Years will be Four!

Christian Union.

"IF your lips you would save from slips,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak; to whom you speak;
And how, and when, and where."

"COME when you are called,
Do as you are bid,
Shut the door behind you,
And you'll never be chid."

DUTY BEFORE PLEASURE.

TO THE LITTLE ONES.

GOOD morning! or good afternoon! just as you please. How bright you all look in this new year's light! What! new faces that I never saw before? What a crowd there is of you! Where did you all come from?

Do let me have a good look right into your eyes. Yes: I can see way down into your hearts. You are good children, and no mistake. We are going to have a first-rate time together. Can you see my eyes? My eyes are blue. Daysprings always have blue eyes. I mean bright ones do. I am not going to be one of the dull, dark daysprings.

Do you always feel happy when the new light of the morning comes? Do you jump right up, singing like a bird? Of course you do. There is not one in the whole lot of you that gets up in the morning cross, and comes pouting down to breakfast, looking just like one of those dark, heavy mornings, when there is hardly light enough to tell whether it is morning or not.

We are not only going to be happy ourselves, but we are going to make others happy. What lots of kind things we will do this year! If ever there is a single chance to do a kind act, or say a kind word, we are just the ones who are going to improve it. The dear mothers and good fathers will find we are trying to help them, and make them strong.

God is so good to us that we should be very wicked indeed not to try to be good, and help everybody to be good. We will let all the love he puts into our hearts shine out of our eyes, and go into every thing that we do. That will be the way to look bright and happy. And when people see us so bright and happy, they cannot help being so too.

Do you know about time? Have you learned how fast the clock ticks? Isn't it fun to say the table "sixty seconds make a minute"? Do you want to learn to say it my way? Here it is:—

Sixty seconds make a minute,
How much good can I do in it?
Sixty minutes make an hour,
All the good that's in my power;
Twenty hours and four, a day,
Time for sleep and work and play;
Days, three hundred sixty-five,
Make a year for me to strive
Right good things each day to do,
That I wise may grow, and true.

You never heard anybody say it like that before? Of course you never did. But don't you like it? Let us say it so, and do it so, all this year, and see what will come of it.

But I must not say any more

now, or you will get tired of me. I like you very much, and you must always believe me your true friend.

THE DAYSPRING.

DUTY BEFORE PLEASURE.

LITTLE boys and girls often think they could be just as happy as the day is long, if they didn't have to do any thing but please themselves.

By and by they will learn that the way to be real happy is not to think much of their own pleasure, but to help others to have pleasure, and always to do what they ought.

Minnie Brown, as you see her in the picture, had to leave the Christmas company at her house, and the good time she was having, to carry some nice things to a poor old lady.

"Can't I wait till we have played this game once more?" she said.

"No," said her mother: "there is the basket all ready, and it is so late I am afraid Mrs. Williams thinks we have forgotten her."

Minnie felt sorry to have to go, but she got ready, and started off with the basket. It was snowing, and she thought it was too bad to have to leave her home, and go out in the snow-storm.

But when she saw how happy Mrs. Williams was to see her, and how thankful she was for what had been sent her, Minnie began to feel happy; and she went back feeling glad enough that she had been sent on such an errand.

She found her little friends waiting for her to return; and as soon as she was ready, they all commenced playing again.

Minnie had not lost any pleasure. The thought that she had pleased her mother, and made Mrs. Williams happy, made her happy, and somehow she enjoyed the game better than ever.

LITTLE ETHEL'S VERSE.

[The Winchester Unitarian Sunday school have a monthly paper called the "Evening Star." It is not printed. But members of the school send communications to the editors, and from them the paper is made up, and on the first Tuesday evening of each month, at the monthly concert, it is read to the school. The Christmas number has been printed, and a copy of it has been sent to the "Dayspring." It is a bright little paper, and must do a great deal of good, and add a great deal of interest to the concert exercises. Cannot other schools get up something of the kind? "Little Ethel's Verse" is taken from the "Evening Star."]

"BLESSED are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy." That was little Ethel's text to learn for next Sunday, and she repeated it time and again as she walked across the sitting-room floor. I was at the window, reading one of those volumes of the "Living Age" which Mrs. Eustis presented to our library, and my dog Ponto was stretched out before the fire, right in the young girl's way. So it was not strange that at last she stumbled over him, in the middle of the verse, and lost her temper.

"Blessed are the merciful," she was saying, "for — you're an ugly old dog, always in everybody's way."

With that she gave him a spiteful kick, which he returned with a spiteful snap, that tore a hole in her go-to-meeting frock. Then she raised the poker to strike him; but he seized it so savagely with his teeth, I was afraid he would really bite her, and I was forced to turn Ponto out of the room, and take Ethel up into my lap, to stop her crying.

"I am real glad you lost your temper," said I.

She looked up in great amazement, and asked why.

"Because it was a very bad one," I replied. "And I hope you will now get a better one in its place."

"Where can I get it?" she inquired.

"Oh, out of that verse which you have learned to *say*, but have not learned to *practise*."

She didn't like that, and exclaimed very quickly, —

"How do you know I wouldn't practise it? I've had no chance yet."

"Yes, you have," I answered: "you had a first-rate chance to practise your text on Ponto, and you did not do it."

"What! practise Sunday-school lessons on dogs?" cried Ethel.

"Certainly," was my reply: "'a merciful man is merciful to his beast,' and a merciful girl will be merciful to Ponto. No Sunday-school lesson is ever 'learned by heart' unless the horse, dog, cat, and birds get the benefit of it."

She didn't know what to make of that at first, but at last she said, slowly, —

"Why, I thought Sunday schools were meant to fit people for living in heaven, with the angels, by and by."

"So they are," I replied; "but you must first become fit to live on the earth with other people."

Then we had a long talk about it. I can't tell you the whole, but it amounted to this. When a stream springs out of the ground, everybody and every thing gets the benefit of it. Grass, trees, and flowers drink of it, and grow stronger; fishes, birds, and cattle drink, and get some good; men, women, and children drink of it, and feel refreshed. Now, in the same way, a Sunday-school lesson, which is really and truly learned, helps everybody and every thing you meet. The hens and chickens, in the back-yard, get the benefit of it, as truly as the old folks at home or the young folks at school. Did you ever see any one throw stones at a kitten, pelt a dog almost to death with snow-balls, or stand in the street to kill the swallows which were flying near the ground? I have seen it, too; and I said to myself, "Ah, master, you have not learned your Sunday lesson yet." A traveller, who wished to learn whether some berries which he picked were good to eat, gave some to a monkey, and when *he* liked them began to eat them himself. So if you want to learn how good the texts are which you commit to memory every week, you can begin with the first animal you meet.

Just then, there was a scratching and whining at the door, and Ethel sprang from my lap, saying, "I'll practise mine on Ponto." Then, when the dog came in, there was such a hugging and shouting and romping that I couldn't read another word; but before Ethel went to bed I read to her from my book the following lines, which she recited to her teacher on the next Sunday, after she had repeated the text: —

"He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

For The Dayspring.

THE LITTLE COUSINS.

BY E. P. C.

CHAPTER VI.

HADLEY, October, 1868.

EAR LOU, — You'll be surprised for me to write you a second letter, before you answer the other; but mother's willing, because I forgot so much I wanted to tell you.

I tried to air Ping Wing's blue merino, by shutting the window on the sleeves; but, as that creased them, I had to contrive a better way. Mother said "something or other was the mother of something or other," and I thought, all at once, of your tying baby's sleeves last summer; so I put twine through Ping Wing's, tied the gown to the back of a chair, and it blew beautifully. But if Ned has her again, it must be in a calico that'll wash. I wanted to put it on that time, but it seemed mean not to let the boy see her look her prettiest.

Ping Wing, having visited so sick a boy, is milder towards her cousin Slater. She would like to see her, and describe her visit. She says, though Ned's fingers are thin as claws, he did not drop her once; but treated her most respectfully, stroked her curls gently, and never failed to call her "Miss." He taught her to knit, to take up stitches, to round off, to heel and toe. I've set up a mitten for her; but she says I'm impatient.

Ned repeated a little hymn to her, sweet as honey, that made her cry. He read aloud a story about two girls who tore each other's hair; but he said it wasn't a pleasant story, and couldn't be true, for little girls, healthy and together, would be too happy to tear each other's hair. Ping Wing says it's too funny to hear him talk to Mrs. Dino, the cat. He seems to think her a *fur woman*, and is so anxious about her health that he never wants her out of his sight. Ping Wing says, when Ned coughs, Mrs. Dino looks at him as if she'd help him if she could.

Ned coughed badly, he laughed so when his father read a story about a Newfoundland dog, which carried a small boy from a cradle to an attic (Lou, you must watch Lyddy Ashby's dog). Ned said Mrs. Dino couldn't carry him! Ping Wing thought she could, — she's such an immense cat, and Ned like a feather.

Ping Wing would be glad to have Slater's views of the small girl. She is pleasant enough to-day to describe my museum. It holds: a piece of great-grandmother's wedding-gown; a blue-bird's wing; a Newport shell, ridged; a pink glass bead; a Chinese pink-starred handkerchief; a gilt paper ladder; a magnet; a white coral, dirty; Madge holding Ping Wing.

I asked mother if lending my child hadn't improved her. Mother said it certainly had done me good, and made me see fewer faults in Ping Wing. She says nobody could go near Ned without being better; and that we are apt to grow like the people we are with. If so, why don't Aunt Wealthy and grandma grow alike?

I think being sick's frightful. I didn't feel quite right the other day, and I asked mother what she supposed would become of me if I were ill all the time like Ned. She hoped I'd learn to be patient as he is. It seems so strange to me, Lou, if God loves us all alike, you and I should be brisk, and Ned only able to creep about, holding to chairs and tables. He's the best; why shouldn't he have the best?

And I don't understand why grown people, who are always telling children what to do, do wrong themselves. Why, Mrs. Somebody — I mustn't tell her name — was so cross the other day when I went to tea with her daughter, that I grew so dull that I had to go home the minute tea was over, and what I ate almost choked me. I kissed mother so much, and told her she was so nice, that father asked if I had to go out to tea to find that out.

But I feel cross too, sometimes; but not so often since grandma taught me that nice jangle: "If, in trouble, you are troubled, you will have your trouble doubled."

There's a girl in my Sunday class who's just as good — as the Bible! And she don't put it on, Lou, but it's really herself. She learns her verses perfectly, she looks straight in the teacher's face, though Lucy Carrol tries to distract her attention, and answers all the questions she can. Now, I see all that's going on, — all the wriggling and whispering and looks; and, if the trees wave, or a bird strikes a note, why, I'm everywhere out of the pew.

But mother says I must keep up my spirits; that we weren't all shaped, like paper dolls, after the same pattern; that she will be satisfied if I'm only *half* as attentive as the good scholar, I've such a wandering mind. Lou, there's no doubt I was meant for a bird. If you happen to look out your window some day, and see one of a kind you never saw before, that will be Madge. Kiss her beak, smooth her feathers, hold her softly in your soft, warm hands; ten wish her well, and bid her fly. M. H.

"LITTLE moments make an hour;
Little thoughts a book;
Little seeds a tree or flower;
Water-drops a brook.
Little deeds of faith and love
Make a home for you above."

For The Dayspring.

LETTERS TO LITTLE FRIENDS.

IV.

MY DEAR CARRIE, — Because of your brother's absence, you are now the eldest child in the household, and I know that you are daily endeavoring to help your parents in the cares of house, of farm, and of the little children. How much depends upon the example and the character of the oldest sister! *Her* gentleness and kindness, her self-control and unselfishness, go very, very deep into the hearts of her little daily companions; and, in after-life, when the young brothers and sisters no longer have her in their midst, she yet speaketh to them, and unconsciously draws them upwards, nearer to Christ.

Dear Carrie, you have often read the words of Jesus, — "Come unto me, and I will give you rest;" and sometimes, when weary in body, and perhaps vexed in spirit, with the petty annoyances of every-day routines, you long for that "rest."

Some young people mistake the way to obtain this "rest" which is so often talked about, and feel that self-meditation and prayer-meetings and attendance at church will be all-sufficient to obtain the desired end; *forgetting* the remainder of Jesus' utterance, — "*Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me.*"

Learn of Christ to perform every duty in a faithful, loving spirit; to speak words of kindness to the erring and the wayward; to take little children into your affections, even if their exteriors are not attractive through dress and culture; to control your own passions and appetites, — so that those of your own household, who see as others cannot, may know that Christ is indeed your Master.

Strive not for "the rest," but for the

victory over self; for "the rest" and "the peace" come not through outward adornings and worldly prosperity and selfish indulgence.

"Yes! finish all thy work, — then rest:
Till then, rest never!"

You are not, dear Carrie, too young to understand this letter; but do not once imagine that I do not wish you to be joyous in spirit, to laugh and frolic with your companions and brothers, and to enjoy in all its fulness the glorious world in which the Heavenly Father has placed you.

Recently a young girl said to me: "My brothers love me dearly, they are good boys, and will do any thing for me." And I knew the secret of this love: the sister loved them; and had helped them in their boyish trials, aided their plans, interested herself — though a girl — in their active pursuits.

"Lift a little! Lift a little!
Sister, lend a helping hand
To thy heavy-laden brother,
Who, for weakness, scarce can stand.
Not his fault, that he is feeble;
Not thy praise, that thou art strong;
It is God makes lives to differ, —
Some for sorrow, some for song."

May you always be a loving, happy household is the wish of

Your friend,

"PATIENT WAITING."

"A MAN in his carriage was riding along,
A gayly-dressed wife by his side;
In satin and laces she looked like a queen,
And he like a king in his pride.

A wood-sawyer stood on the street as they passed:
The carriage and couple he eyed;
And he said, as he worked, with his saw on a log,
'I wish I was rich and could ride.'

The man in his carriage remarked to his wife:
'One thing I would give if I could;
I would give all my wealth for the strength and the health
Of the man that is sawing the wood.'"

BOOK NOTICES.

HIS LEVEL BEST, and Other Stories. By Rev. E. E. Hale. James R. Osgood & Co. Mr. Hale always tells his stories in the oddest, freshest way possible, and they always have a good deal of meaning in them. These were not written for the very young people; but they know from some of his other stories, and the older people know, that when he writes stories he always does "his level best."

SALLY WILLIAMS, THE MOUNTAIN GIRL. By Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney. Lee & Shepard. Here is a good story indeed. It is refreshing to come across a heroine with the old-fashioned name "Sally." The name itself shows her to be just what she is, — a good, substantial girl of the right sort. "Violet Millbank, the Mountain Girl," would have suggested quite a different character.

ONLY GIRLS. By Virginia F. Townsend. "Only Girls!" Why, what *can* young folks be? If it had been "Only Boys," it would have been another thing. Well, the girls may read it, — and the boys too, for that matter, — and then they will know how good a story it is.

Lee & Shepard publish this book also, and the others named below.

YOUNG AMERICA ABROAD. By Oliver Optic. One of his best series. A voyage from the Baltic to Constantinople, and then a detail of experiences in Turkey and Greece. The boys are sure to read Oliver Optic's books, and this series certainly helps them to much useful information.

THE TREASURE OF THE SEAS. By the author of the "B. O. W. C." This is the last volume of the "B. O. W. C. Series." The interest of the story is well kept up. There is much to provoke mirth and laughter, as in the preceding volumes.

SOCIAL CHARADES AND PARLOR OPERAS. By M. T. Caldor. These seem to be well got up, and will, no doubt, render good service in an evening's amusement.

A CHILDREN'S CHURCH.

YES, children may go to meeting and enjoy it as much as the old folks. If a minister has the gift for it, he can give one hour every Sunday to the children's congregation; or, if parishes are willing and able, they may have two ministers, one to preach great sermons that children would not understand, and another to be the children's minister, and pastor for all kinds of needful work. A Sunday School is not a church — not a congregation under the charge of one person who gives his entire time to the scholars. Let children go to meeting as well as to school, and make the meeting attractive to them. U. W.

SOWING.

ARE we sowing seeds of kindness?
They shall blossom bright ere long.
Are we sowing seeds of discord?
They shall ripen into wrong.
Are we sowing seeds of honor?
They shall bring forth golden grain.
Are we sowing seeds of falsehood?
We shall yet reap bitter pain.
Whatsoe'er our sowing be,
Reaping, we its fruits must see.

We can never be too careful
What the seed our hands shall sow:
Love from love is sure to ripen;
Hate from hate is sure to grow.
Seeds of good or ill we scatter
Heedlessly along our way;
But a glad or grievous fruitage
Waits us at the harvest day.
Whatsoe'er our sowing be,
Reaping, we its fruits must see.

Sunday School Times.

Puzzles.

1.

CHARADE.

MY *first*, proclaimed for all the earth
By angel song at Jesus' birth,
Shall come when men his words believe,
And in their hearts his love receive.

My *second*, they whose skilful hands
Produce whate'er our need demands;
Their toil a thousand things supplies,
To serve our use, or please our eyes.

And happy they who are my *whole*,
The warring passions to control;
"Children of God!" what higher meed
Than that by Jesus Christ decreed!

2.

HIDDEN MOUNTAINS IN PALESTINE.

1. The Carmelites are an order of friars.
2. The spider wove his web all around the bush.
3. He visited Calcutta, Borneo, and Celebes.
4. Nepheg, Eri, Zimri, and Zur are mentioned in the Old Testament.
5. Jane bought the book.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

19. — Dayspring.
20. — Merry Christmas.

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